

THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 21 1863.

NO. 8

The Lancaster Gazette

CLARKE, KROOK & SUTPHEN,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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UNACKNOWLEDGED CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MARY L. VAN DENMARK.

"I must bid you good by, for my country calls me, and my negligence on my part would only be cowardice, and you would not have me called a coward, would you, Effie?"

These words were spoken by a youth of perhaps twenty summers, to a lovely maiden several years younger, who stood weeping by his side. As the last sentence was uttered she gave her lover a reproving look, and carefully flung back her golden tresses, which had escaped, and hung loosely over her almost snow-white neck, and with her sky blue eyes of the most melting tenderness, still fixed on her lover, she gently said: "O, Frank, it is such a bliss; how am I to survive it?"

"Don't give way thus, dear Effie. I feel it my duty to hearken to my country's call, and nobly and manfully defend my country's rights. Perhaps the time is short and I return to you, and at last, you shall hear from me often. So direct up, Effie."

"I know you did right in obeying the call of your country, in this great hour of peril, but then I have loved you so selflessly. I cannot get reconciled in giving you up, not even for her sake."

"I dare not tarry longer, the boat will soon be off, and I would not be left behind."

A rain with passed through the throbbing heart of Effie for a moment; yes but for a moment, and patriotism had it varied.

The lovers parted. Effie retired to her room, where she gave vent to her suppressed feelings, by a violent and copious flood of tears. Delusive dreams were floating wildly through her brain. She fancied she could see her lover lying mangled and bleeding on the dark battle ground. At other times she could see him stifled by the blood thirsty foe, or wielding the weapon of death fiercely attacking the combatants, until having become exhausted, sleep overpowered her, and she slumbered, alternately heaving sighs almost approaching a groan.

Mr. Sunwood was a wealthy merchant, living in a flourishing buckeye city, and having accumulated wealth sufficient to maintain his family in luxury, had retired to the suburbs, where he dwelt, the admirer of the wealthy and the benefactor of the poor. His only child, the beautiful and admired Effie, was courted by the wealthy and renowned, but her sensitive and affectionate heart was awakened by the noble bearing of the poor, though much respected Frank Lee, who, having been endowed with a lofty mind, and imbued with high moral principles, became the accepted lover of the innocent girl. Bright days seemed in store for the almost too happy lovers; but the cup of happiness was dashed from them, even before they had realized it. War was abroad in the land, and the glorious stars and stripes were trailed in the dust and was it not Frank's duty to endeavor to aid the brave men who were dying to save the adored flag? His noble heart could not listen to the curses pronounced by traitors on his dear country, and he manfully gave up all, and if need be, his life in defense of his country's privileges, and the glorious banner which has been ensnared in prosperity and adversity.

Sensuality and monotony seemed the only companions of Effie, and after waiting patiently, until the time for the promised letter arrived, found to her grief that she was only disappointed. O,

what was her feelings when she learned that the regiment to which Frank belonged, had been engaged with the rebels at Murfreesboro.

Frank had left her on the morning of his departure, with a tear in his eye which he hastily brushed away, and bidding adieu to his native soil, started for Dixie, to let the rebels know that buckeyes yet had power enough to shoulder arms in defense of their country. He had been gone but a few weeks when they were ordered in line of battle on the bloody field at Murfreesboro. Whilst the firing was incessantly going on, you might see Frank in the thickest of the fight, giving encouragement to his companions, and spreading death and confusion in the rebel ranks. His aid was needed everywhere, and the First Lieutenant having fallen while bravely fighting, he was ordered to his post:

"Go watch the foremost ranks in danger dark and rear."

Behold the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear.

After the din and strife of the battle was over, he was presented with a commission for his bravery.

"I must write to Effie immediately," was his soliloquy; but the sheet that was to convey such encouraging intelligence, was destined never to reach her; but with untiring patience she waited, vainly endeavoring to hear from her absent lover. Despair seemed depicted on her fair features, and with a trembling hand and agitated mind she procured a paper and hastily perused its contents, hoping thereby to gain some information concerning Frank, until she chanced to see the following lines:

"Wanted—Correspondence. A gentleman of Co—, 1st Regiment, O. V. I. wishes a lady correspondent to relieve the monotony of camp life. Address—Romulus."

"I will reply to this; it is Frank's very regiment," thought she. No sooner thought than done, and in a few moments a neatly directed letter was deposited in the postoffice. Days rolled into weeks, and weeks into months, and no tidings came respecting Frank. Although Effie became a regular correspondent of Romulus, she had inquired, but he knew no one by the name of Frank Lee.

A few weeks more and Romulus wrote to her in unequivocal correspondence, that he had met with a terrible casualty, his arm being taken off by the explosion of a shell.

The mansion of the Sunwood's was thrown open and arrayed in gorgeous splendor, and the pale face of Effie was visible among the multitude that thronged their dwelling, vainly endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the wounded soldier, who was reported to be present.

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nate engineer prisoners, on their bended knees making peace with God, for their end was appointed. In the midst of the circle could be seen the chief of the band Robert Smith. His was the head that planned and the arm that executed. How odd it is that just at this time the mounted infantry of another Smith (mounted by the proceeds of the expedition south of which I wrote in my former letter,) should be peering upon this unhappy scene; but so it was, and the first that circle knew was the death knell of the steady rifles of our squad, while Robert Smith and three of his braves went to settle with him who has said "vengeance is mine; I will repay." The rest were trotted off as prisoners of war. Our Gen'l Smith is playing the bushwhacking war to the heart's content of these Southern rebels.

While at Memphis last Saturday Gen'l Smith mounted the 48th on all the horses and mules that could be straddled, and sent them out under the command of Col. Chas. C. Walcott, on another raid, none knows whither. A happy looking cavalcade, led by a smiling Southern baronet, with brides without bias, his without headstalls, saddles without stirrups, and stirrups without trees; lame, halt and blind, a picturesque sight I fancy, and yet when the boys return they will be provided with all that will make them comfortable, and the taking of which weakens the enemy in any way. These raids are telling terribly on the foe, and overruling consternation to the very heart of secessionism.

Gen'l Orason, of the cavalry army, took with him the 6th and 7th Illinois Cavalry, 1600 strong, when Gen'l Smith started out on the other expedition, and has not been heard of only by the grapevine telegraph, and the scouts and couriers sent back to our command, since his course was east of our column, through Tootsie, east of Jackson, and when the last courier left him he had destroyed 18 miles of the railroad connecting Vicksburg and Chattanooga, capturing and destroying three trains; then passing on for further depredations to return as best he could. Southern papers say he has reached Baton Rouge, and may be possible, if not appearing feasible, to return through Alabama to support Gen'l Rosecrans, who must be supported, not by moving our troops, but by keeping the enemy actively engaged in this field, and by destroying his transportation. You see from what I have said that General Smith is straining every nerve to accomplish his part of the play in bringing King Jefferson to a mate; and we feel that our efforts have not been in vain—

This night is a rough one for the men without their tents, but then the mules will carry their wet blankets to the morning, and the feet not required in marching will be spared the pain of scalds and blisters.

Since I last wrote you two brave fellows have gone to fill up the list of the retreating legion.

"They go not as the galley slave scourged to his dungeon, but as one who joins the invulnerable caravan traveling to the pale realm of shade, with an unfurling tent, wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lay down to pleasant dreams."

They on reaching camp were taken with convulsive fever. One was a Tennesseean who joined us at Savannah, the other was from Van Wert. May they rest in peace until the summons come to all, both great and small, to attend the opening of the great book, when the sea and the grave will give up their dead, and blessed shall be he who has his name written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Just as I was closing this letter the regiment returned, and the camp is loud with the exploits of mounted volunteers, narrow escapes by wind and sea, of paddling surrounding the Hessians; of swearing, dandies and pleading mamma for the last mule or the old cloak. Upon the whole as near as I can gather, the boys had a fine time generally. They went out for a fight but were as successful in that regard as their predecessors. One thing is certain Gen'l Coalman is dreadfully scared and has fled to Cranston, burning bridges after him to prevent pursuit. They brought in 25 prisoners; one Capt. Faulkner, brother of Colonel Faulkner, who is commanding a regiment of partisan cavalry, who have already been forwarded to Memphis for further instruction into the mysteries of Yankeeism.

The weather since the rain is shivering cold, with prospects of a heavy frost. Yours truly, Ed's. Gray.

Letter from the 17th O. Regiment.

MURFREESBORO, May 10th, '63.

Eds GAZETTE.—Floods of ink have been expended by soldiers, chaplains and correspondents, begging, requesting and urging that home send more letters to the soldiers. Yet friends at home persist in writing but one letter to the soldiers two. This the soldier takes as a

neglect. He wonders if he has lost a place in the hearts of his friends, and he is disappointed day after day when the mail arrives, and returns to his tent and wonders if in spite of himself, the band is to be severed, the last tie broken between him and the influence that cultivated his moral faculties. "If they don't care for me I don't care for them," and he buries his address in whatever good or ill there may be in camp to interest him.

War tends to elevate the animal and lower the morals of men, because it separates them from home society and its elevating influence; and because it deprives them of much reading matter that addresses itself to the better nature. We have novels by the car load, but of the kind that publishers find no sale for except where no one has been entertaining enough to introduce better—the kind that like a firebrand is received in the craving space, dies out, leaving its scathed traces ineffaceable.

Now, in view of the deep solicitude for the moral welfare of the soldiers manifested strongly by parents and guardians, let me suggest that they keep the soldiers heart open, cheerful and susceptible of influence by very frequent journeys thither through the mails. Christ would never have saved the world had he remained in Heaven and mourned the depravity of the world. Very many at home have magazines, journals and books which they have read and left to disprove leaf at a time, to the benefit of no one. With the present express and mail facilities, packages may be sent to soldiers at a small cost, and instead of spending their time in idleness, they might be filling their minds with useful knowledge. One of the most common expressions in the army is, "I wish I had a good book to read." This wish may be gratified by home friends.

An effort is being made by an association of chaplains to supply the army with religious reading. Their object is commendable, but their judgment is not. Tracts, primers, Sunday School books, and family theology will be used simply to wrap "bacon" for a march.

The army is in painful suspense concerning Hooker. Rumor destroys and reconstructs him hourly.

Nothing has so much pleased us all (with a few disgraceful exceptions) as the arrest of Vallandigham and Lygan, and their mud sills, and the prospect of their being punished. If they were hung traitorously and spee-hes would end. These are martyrs and mudsills in Lancaster as earnest and energetic at their trade as those of Dayton. It seems, however, they all have a certain squeamishness of army blue and "Enfields."

The Fairfield representatives in the Pontoon train are well, and hope this may find you enjoying the same blessing.

J. E. L.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

The French Reputed at Puebla.

New York, May 14.—Advice from Puebla, via Havana, to April 21st, states that the French were repulsed on the 13th, in an attack on the convents of San Augustine, Carmine and Merced. On the 14th a battle occurred at Alamo where a part of Comonfort's forces and the French. Both parties claim success, but the chief division of Comonfort, to dislodge the French from Alamo was not attained. Reports reached Vera Cruz April 20th, state that the French were driven from Fort San Javier and the hill of San Juan to their former position at Amalago. The French account disagrees with this, and reports the capture of the Church of Carmon on the 19th.

A general review of the situation shows but little change since the 1st of April.

Numerous bands of guerrillas have infiltrated the road from Vera Cruz to Orizaba. Several expeditions which were sent out to annihilate the guerrillas have been unsuccessful.

The French, in Vera Cruz, entertained great fears that the million of dollars, with a large amount of ammunition, about to leave for Puebla, would not arrive safely.

Comonfort has been reinforced by 7,000 men from the City of Mexico, and Mexican report express hope that by overwhelming numbers they will be able to annihilate the French invaders. Private letters received in Havana, state that since the first occupation of Fort San Javier the French army have not obtained any advantage. Several attacks have been made upon various points, but always with ill success, and sometimes with defeat.

On the 19th they opened a canonade upon Carmen Fort with lasted 40 hours, when a breach was made. Several columns then proceeded to make an assault, but they were driven back by the bayonet, leaving the streets filled with their killed and wounded. Their losses have been heavy.

A Warning to Ladies.

The following order has been issued by Gen. Rosecrans:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND, OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL GEN. MURFREESBORO, May 8, 1863.

This being the season for active military operations, the presence of ladies, however desirable under all circumstances, is not so now. The General Commanding directs that no ladies be issued to the department except in the most urgent cases, and then only on passes issued from the Department Headquarters.

(Signed) WM. M. WILES, Maj. and Provost-Marshal Gen.

The Case of C. L. Vallandigham

In the United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati, Judge LEAVITT presiding, counsel in behalf of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, renewed his motion for a writ of Habeas Corpus, directed to Gen. BURNSIDE, asking him to bring the body of VALLANDIGHAM into Court. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM's petition for the writ was submitted to the Court by his counsel, when on application by the District Attorney, at the request of Gen. BURNSIDE, the Court granted a delay of half an hour, at the expiration of which the following statement of General BURNSIDE was submitted to the Court:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE OHIO, CINCINNATI, Ohio, May 11 1863.

To the Honorable the Circuit Court of the United States within and for the Southern District of Ohio:

The undersigned, commanding the Department of the Ohio, having received notice from the Clerk of said Court that an application for the allowance of a writ of Habeas Corpus will be made this morning before your Honors on behalf of C. L. Vallandigham, now a prisoner in my custody, asks leave to submit the following

STATEMENT.

If I were to indulge in